Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A

ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER;

OR A

POETICAL ANSWER

TO THE

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE

OF

Mr. *PETER PINDAR.*

ALSO THE

MANUSCRIPT ODES, SONGS, LETTERS, &c. &c.

OF

The above Mr. *PETER PINDAR,*

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED BY

SYLVANUS URBAN.

Sir, you lie!—I ſcorn your word,
Or any man's that wears a ſword.
For all you huff, who cares a t—d?
Or who cares for you? CATCH.

LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at JOHNSON'S HEAD, No. 46, FLEET-STREET.

M,DCC,XC.

[Price Two SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE].

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LITTLE did I think that a Man of my mild and peaceable diſpoſition, that would not hurt a cat, ſhould be forced out to battle:—but ſuch is the audacity of the times—*(O tempora, ô mores!)* I have ventured forth to attack this Goliah of Ode and Impudence; and I hope, with God's aſſiſtance, like little David, to cut off his head. I communicated with my good friend Mr. *William Hayley*, who is a conſtant communicant to my *Gentleman's Magazine*, both in verſe and proſe, that is to ſay, in rhyme and criticiſm;—whom I may rightly term one of the great pillars of my *Gentleman's Magazine*, which every Gentleman in the kingdom, I hope, reads,—which, if he doth not read, I hope he will read, as it is not only the greateſt favourite with our Moſt Gracious Sovereign, who is the greateſt Monarch upon earth,—but alſo with his Nobles, who are men of judgement and learning; alſo with foreign parts, who tranſlate it conſtantly into their language:—ſo that, if I may be permitted to verſify the praiſe of my monthly Publication

Digitized by Google

(for indeed I muſt own I have a great itch for poetry), I will do it in this poetical diſtich :

My Magazine all magazines excels ;
And, what's ſtill better too for JOHN, it ſells.

I aſked Mr. *Hayley*, paying him the compliment firſt, if he would be the champion to encounter this great Mr. PETER PINDAR. To this, Mr. *Hayley* replied, after ſome heſitation, and pondering, and blowing his noſe in his handkerchief, that he did not much admire a public exhibition ; that it would wear the aſpect of a bruiſing-match, too much like a ſet-to of *Johnſon* and *Big Ben* ; but added that *I* might do it, if I thought proper. " But," ſays my good Friend, " I will privately attack him, under a fictitious ſignature ;"—which he did indeed, and gave the audacious Fellow many a good thump, in verſe and proſe :—but this was only ſmall ſhot, with deference to Mr. *Hayley* ; the grand artillery was reſerved for me.

Kind Reader, wilt thou permit me to ſay ſomething of myſelf, in ſimplicity and candour, before I go to work with this Caliban ? When I firſt took the chair of criti-

ciſm,

Digitized by Google

ciſm, I own that I trembled; for I am not aſhamed to confeſs, that ſo great was my ignorance, that when a correſpondent ſent me an account of an ancient coin, I did not know a ſyllable about it—neither the meaning of *reverſe*, *exergue*, or *legend*: but now, thank God, I know every thing appertaining to *numiſmata*, if I may be indulged with a Latin expreſſion. Indeed the legends uſed to perplex me much, in as much as I expoſed myſelf greatly; for I am not aſhamed to confeſs my ignorance. I thought that AUG. upon a Roman Medal, meant the month in which it was ſtruck off; and therefore I deemed it Auguſt: and G. P. R. which I now know to be *Genio Populi Romani*, I verily thought to be a coin ſtruck by one George Peter Richardſon. The figures of *Romulus* and *Remus* ſucking a ſhe-wolf, I took to be two children milking a cow. D. M. for *Diis Manibus*, I took to be David Martin, or Daniel Muſgrove. The half-word HEL. ſignifying *Heliopolis*, I imagined to be no other than the Houſe of Satan. JAN. CLU. that is to ſay, *Janum cluſit*, I took to be the name of a man. LUD. SÆC. F. I verily thought to be downright filthy, and bluſhed for the Romans: but, lo, I afterwards diſcovered it to be *Ludos ſæculares fecit*. COS. I thought to be

Cos

Digitized by Google

Cos Lettuces, which only meaneth *Conſul*; M. F. Mr. Ford, which meaneth *Marci Filius*. N.C. (wouldſt thou think it, Reader?) I tranſlated Nincompoop; when, lo, it meaneth *Nobiliſſimus Cæſar*. P. P. which ſignifieth *Pater Patriæ*, I thought might mean Peter Pounce, or Philip Pumpkin. R. P. I alſo thought might mean Robert Penruddock, or Ralph Pigwiggin, or any other name beginning with thoſe initials: but, lo, its true meaning I find to be *Reſpublica*, ſignifying, in Engliſh, the Republic.—Thus it will appear that I am not aſhamed to confeſs my error, which this Enemy of mine dareth not.

TRIB. POT. which only meaneth *Tribunitia Poteſtate*, I actually imagined meant a Tribe of Potatoes, and that the coin was ſtruck on account of a plentiful year of that fruit. S. P. Q. R. which meaneth only *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, unwiſely, yet funnily, did I make out to be Sam Paddon, a Queer Rogue; for as much as I was informed that the Romans ſtruck coins on every trifling occaſion. SCIP. AS. which ſignifieth no more than *Scipio Africanus*, I read literally Skip Aſs; but for why, I could not ſay:—ſuch was my ignorance.

Many

Digitized by Google

Many were the impoſitions upon me:—rings for pigs noſes were ſent me for noſe-jewels worn by the Roman Ladies; a piece of oxycroceum, juſt made in a druggiſt's ſhop, for the pitch that ſurrounded the body of Julius Cæſar; a large brown jordan, for a lacrymatory; a broken old black ſugar-baſon, for a druid urn; a piece of a watchman's old lantern, for a Roman lamp. The wig of the famous *Boerhaave* was alſo ſent me as a curioſity; the roguery of which I did not diſcover till an engraving of the wig was nearly finiſhed, coſting me upwards of thirty ſhillings:—for, lo! Reader, this great Man never wore a wig in his life.—In my Obituary too I made great miſtakes, from impoſition; as I gave the deaths of many that were not dead, and others that never exiſted. Sometimes the wickedneſs of correſpondents was ſuch, that I have perpetuated the deaths of bull-dogs, greyhounds, maſtiffs, horſes, hogs, &c. in my Obituary, under an idea that they were people of conſequence. Indeed I have not ſtuck to the letter of my aſſertion at the head of my Obituary, that declares it to be a record of conſiderable perſons; for as much as I have ſometimes put a ſcavenger over a Member of Parliament, a pig-driver over a Biſhop, a lamp-lighter over an Alderman, and a chimney-ſweeper over a Duke: but as I was deſired by the friends of the

Digitized by Google

deceaſed to do it, (for who is not ambitious?) and as I was paid for it too, (and who can withſtand a fee?) I have in ſome little meaſure diſgraced my Journal, and forfeited my word.—My preſent antiquarian knowledge, gratitude maketh me confeſs that I owe it all to Mr. *R. Gough*, of Enfield, who ſome years ago was alſo an ignorant and illiterate Gentleman, like myſelf,—but, by hard ſtudy, hath attained to his preſent perfection, as may be ſeen in our *Topographia Britannica*, which is not, as that arch-enemy PETER PINDAR hath aſſerted it to be, the idle production of a couple of fellows that want to make a fortune by a hiſtory of cobwalls, old chamber-pots, and ruſty nails. My friend Mr. *Gough*'s zeal for the promotion of antiquarian knowledge cannot be better proved than by his running the riſk of being well trounced, for borrowing one of KING EDWARD's fingers, as he lay expoſed, a few years ſince, in Weſtminſter Abbey; which finger, my friend, after having gently put it in his pocket, was, by order of the Biſhop of Rocheſter, who, unluckily ſeeing the deed, did, to the diſgrace of the ſcience, order him to be ſearched, and forced him to refund. Had it not been for this impertinent and hawk-eyed attention of the Biſhop, Sir *Joſeph Ayloffe*, and other Antiquarians preſent at the opening of the Monarch's coffin,—ſuch was the intrepidity

Digitized by Google

intrepidity of my antiquarian friend *Gough*, that he would have attempted the head, inſtead of a pitiful finger, as he had on a large watchman's coat for the purpoſe. Nor muſt I omit the zeal of my friend Sir *Joſeph Banks* on the occaſion; who, on hearing what was going on, and ſuſpecting that King Edward might have been lodged in pickle, galloped off with a gallon jug, in a hackney-coach, in order to fill it with the precious liquor, as a ſauce for his future Attic entertainments in Soho-ſquare: but unfortunately no pickle was found.

I confeſs that an impudent fellow ſent me for my Obituary the following, which was really printed off (but cancelled) before I was informed, by a friend, of the fallacy—to wit: "On Sunday night laſt died Mrs. *Margery* "*Mouſer*, a widow Lady, beloved in life, and lamented "in death; ſhe was the only daughter of *Roger Grimalkin*, "Eſquire, of *Ratley*."—Ignorant indeed was I that it was an impoſition; for, gentle Reader, it was a dead cat!—Many a good cuſtomer have I gained by my Obituary, who liked to ſee themſelves dead in my Magazine—I mean their relations liked to ſee their deaths diſplayed in a work of ſo much reſpectability as mine.—But enough of myſelf; and now for Maſter PETER.

In

Digitized by Google

In the fullneſs of my paſſion, I at firſt ſet me down, and ſaid to myſelf, *Facit indignatio verſus*—when, behold! in leſs than two hours I knocked off the following Poem. Some time after, however, after a deal of deep thought on the ſubject, it ſtruck me that I might fight this Poet PETER againſt himſelf; make him, like ſome game-cocks, cut his own throat with his own ſpurs. Accordingly I ſet about it, and collected from every quarter his manuſcript verſes of every denomination; ſome written in Cornwall, others in Devon, others in the Weſt-Indies, others in Bath, others in London; as alſo ſome of his Letters, particularly thoſe to the KING of the MOSQUITOES, who was ſent for by the Governor of Jamaica, ſoon after that Gentleman arrived at his government. I have alſo collected ſome of his Obſervations, and Sayings, and Speeches:—I may verily ſay, Obſervations on men and manners, without any manners at all, or, in plainer phraſe, much ill manners. PETER muſt not complain of my ſhowing him no mercy by this Publication, as he is the moſt mercileſs Mohawk that ever ſcalped.

——— *Nec lex eſt juſtior ulla*
Quam necis artifices arte perire ſuâ.

A POETICAL

Digitized by Google

A

POETICAL ANSWER

TO

Mr. *PETER PINDAR*'s

Benevolent Epiſtle to *JOHN NICHOLS.*

O SON of wicked Satan, with a ſoul
Hot as his hell, and blacker than his coal!
Thou falſe, thou foul-mouth'd Cenſurer of the times,
I do not care three ſtraws for all thy rhymes.
Thy wit is blunter than old worn-out ſheers:—
I'll make a riddle with thee for thy ears;
Write any ſort of verſe, thou bluſt'ring Blade!
Egad! I'll ſay, like *Keckſy*, "Who's afraid?"---
Thank God, I've talk'd to greater folks than thee:
In that I will not yield to any HE;

Digitized by Google

No, not to any HE that wears a head—
Again I'll ſay, like *Keckſy*, " Who's afraid ?"—
Thank God, whene'er I wiſh like Kings to fare,
I go, unaſk'd, and dine with my Lord May'r.
But thou, who aſks thee, varlet ! to their houſes ?
Fear'd by the huſbands, dreaded by the ſpouſes.
May God Almighty hear what now I ſpeak !—
Some Aldermen would gladly break thy neck.
Thou tell'ſt us thou haſt ſtruck thy lyre to Kings—
Yes, faith, and ſounded very pretty things.
Thou blockhead, thou pretend to think thy rhymes
Shall live to ſee the days of after-times !
Fool, to pretend on ſubjects great to ſhine,
Or e'en to Printers Dev'ls to tune the line !
Sir, let me humbly beg you to be civil—
Thou know'ſt not that I was a Printer's Dev'l :
So, Sir, your ſatire wants the pow'r to drub,
In thus comparing NICHOLS to a grub.
Whate'er thou ſay'ſt, I'm not of vengeance full,
Nor did I ever bellow like a bull :

And

Digitized by Google

And grant I am a bull, I ſha'n't ſuppoſe
A cur like *thee* can nail me by the noſe.
Thou lieſt when thou ſayeſt, like a top,
With anger rais'd, I ſpinn'd about my ſhop:
Nor did I ever, madden'd by thy ſtripes,
Thou Prince of Liars, kick about my types.
Books have I written; books I ſtill will write,
And give, I hope, to gentlefolks delight:
With charming print, and copper-plates ſo fine,
Whoſe magazine goes off ſo well as mine?
Who, pray, like *me*, the page ſo fond of filling?
Who gives more curious matter for a ſhilling?
England's firſt geniuses I keep in pay;
Much proſe I buy, and many a poet's lay:
The ſilk-worm HAYLEY ſpins me heaps of verſe,
And GOUGH, antiquities exceeding ſcarce:
Great HORACE WALPOLE too, with ſweet good-will,
Sends me choice anecdotes from Strawb'ry-hill:
Miſs SEWARD, Miſtreſs YEARDSLEY, and Miſs MORE,
Of lines (dear Women!) ſend me many a ſcore.

Theſe

Digitized by Google

Theſe are the Nymphs at whom thine envy rails—
Fool! of their gowns not fit to hold the tails—
Theſe are the Men, of proſe and verſe the Knights,
With genius flaſhing, like the northern lights;
Theſe are the Men whoſe works immortal ſhow
The men of literature from top to toe.—
But thou'rt a wen,—a blue, black, bloated tumour,
Without one ſingle grain of wit or humour:
Thy Muſe too all ſo conſequential ſtruts,
As if all Helicon were in her guts;—
A fiſh-drab, a poor, naſty, ragged thing,
Who never dipp'd her muzzle in the ſpring.
Thou think'ſt thyſelf on Pegaſus ſo ſteady;
But, PETER, thou art mounted on a *Neddy:*
Or, in the London phraſe,—thou Dev'nſhire Monkey,
Thy Pegaſus is nothing but a Donkey.
I own, my vanity it well may raiſe,
To find ſo many gaping for my praiſe;
Who ſend ſuch flatt'ring things as ne'er were ſeen,
To get well varniſh'd in my Magazine:

Indeed

Digitized by Google

Indeed I often do indulge the elves,
And ſuffer authors to commend themſelves;
Wits of *themſelves* can write with happieſt ſpirit,
And men are judges of their proper merit.
Lumps have I giv'n them too of beef, and pudding,
That helps a hungry genius in its ſtudying;
And humming porter, when their Muſe was dry—
For this be glory unto God on high!
And not to *me*, who did not make the pudding,
Nor beef aſſiſting genius in its ſtudying.
To Authors, yes, I've giv'n both boil'd and roaſt,
And many a time a tankard with a toaſt—
But God forbid, indeed, that I ſhould boaſt!
And halfpence too, and ſixpences, ecod!
But boaſt avaunt!—the glory be to God!
To Bards, good ſhoes and ſtockings I have giv'n—
But not to *me* the glory, but to Heav'n!
Yes, yes, I ſee how much it ſwells thy ſpleen,
That I'm head Maſter of the Magazine;

Digitized by Google

Who let no author ſee the houſe of FAME,
Before he gets a paſſport in my name.
Art thou a Doctor? Yes, of thinning ſkill;
For thouſands have been poiſon'd by thy pill.
But let my ſoul be calm:—it ſha'n't be ſaid
I fear thee, O thou Monſter!—"Who's afraid?"
What though I know ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek,
Good ſterling Engliſh I can write and ſpeak:
Yet thouſands, who preſume to be my betters,
Can't ſpell their names, and ſcarcely know their letters.
Belike, the curious world would hear with joy
What trade I was deſign'd for, when a boy:
"A barber or a taylor," ſaid my mother—
"No," cried my father, "neither one nor t'other;
"A ſoldier, a rough ſoldier, JOHN ſhall wander,
"Pull down the French, and fight like Alexander."
But unto *letters* was I always ſquinting,
So aſk'd my daddy's leave to ſtudy Printing;
And got myſelf to uncle Bowyer's ſhop,
Where, when it pleas'd the Lord that he ſhould drop,

The

Digitized by Google

The trade and good-will of the ſhop was mine;
Where, without vanity, I think I ſhine;
And where, thank God, in ſpite of dull abuſe,
I'm warm, and married, and can boil my gooſe.
And had I been to ſwords and muſquets bred,
P'rhaps I had ſhin'd a *Cæſar*, or the *Swede*:
Hadſt thou a ſoldier been, thou ſorry mummer,
Thy rank had never roſe above a drummer.
How dar'ſt thou ſay, that ſhould His Royal Highness
(A Prince renown'd for modeſty and ſhyneſs)
Be Generaliſſimo of all our forces,
A jack-aſs's old back, and not a horſe's,
Should carry the good Prince into the field,
Whoſe arm a broomſtick, for a ſtaff, ſhould wield,
That very, very broomſtick which his Wife
Oft us'd to finiſh matrimonial ſtrife?
Why doſt not praiſe the virtues of the *****,
As great in ſoul, as noble in her mien,
Whoſe virtues make the ſoul of Envy ſick,
Strong as her ſnuff, and as her di'monds thick?—

But

Digitized by Google

But wherefore this to PETER do I ſay?
Owls love the dark, and therefore loath the day.—
The ****, as wiſe a man as man can be;
The *****, ſo mild, who cannot kill a flea;
Brave GLO'STER's Highneſs, and his ſober Wife,
Who lead the ſofteſt, ſweeteſt, calmeſt life;
RICHMOND and LEEDS, each Duke a firſt-rate ſtar,
One fam'd for politics, and one for war;
The open HAWKSB'RY, ſtranger to all guile,
Who never of a ſixpence robb'd our iſle;
The modeſt PITT, the Joſeph of the day,
Who never with lewd women went aſtray;
And many others, that I ſoon could mention,
Are much oblig'd, indeed, to thy invention!
But where's the oak that never feels a blaſt?
Or ſun, at times that is not overcaſt?
Alas! ev'n people dreſt in gold and ermine
May feel at times the bites of naſty vermin:
And when thou dar'ſt great Quality attack,
What art thou but a bug upon its back?

What

Digitized by Google

What harm, pray, hath my friend Sir JOSEPH done,
So good, and yet the ſubject of thy fun?
Juſt in his ways to women and to men—
Indeed he ſwears a little now and then.
Behold, his breakfaſts ſhine with reputation!
His dinners are the wonder of the nation!
With theſe he treats both commoners and quality,
Who praiſe, where'er they go, his hoſpitality:
Ev'n from the north and ſouth, and weſt and eaſt,
Men ſend him ſhell, and butterfly, and beaſt.
Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON ſends gods and mugs;
And, for his feaſt, a ſow's moſt dainty dugs.
And ſhall ſuch mob as thou, not worth a groat,
Dare pick a hole in ſuch a great Man's coat?
Whenever at St. James's he is ſeen,
Is not he ſpoke to by the KING and QUEEN?
And don't the Lords at once about him preſs,
And, like his Sov'reigns, much regard profeſs?
Tell him they'll come one day to him, and dine,
Behold his rarities, and taſte his wine?

Digitized by Google

Such are the honours, to delight the ſoul,
On which thy longing eyeballs vainly roll:
Such are the honours that his heart muſt flatter,
On which thy old dog's mouth in vain may water.
Whether in Dev'nſhire thou haſt got a houſe,
I value not three capers of a louſe;
Whether in Cornwall thou a houſe haſt got,
And at elections only, boil'ſt thy pot;
Whether a Doctor, Devil, or a Friar,
I know not—but I know thou art a liar.
Whene'er I die, I hope that I ſhall read
This honeſt epitaph upon my head:—
" Here lies JOHN's body; but his ſoul is ſeen
" In that fam'd work, the Ge'mman's Magazine:
" Brave, yet poſſeſs'd of all the ſofter feelings;
" Succeſsful with the Muſes in his dealings;
" Mild, yet in virtue's cauſe as quick as tinder—
" Who never car'd one f— ig for PETER PINDAR."

Mr.

Digitized by Google

Mr. PETER PINDAR's Apology for the variety of entertainment in his pretty Poetical Olio, is the firſt thing I ſhall preſent to the Public.

PETER's APOLOGY.

LADIES, I keep a rhyme-ſhop—mine's a trade;
I ſell to old and young, to man and maid:
All cuſtomers muſt be oblig'd; and no man
Wiſhes more univerſally to pleaſe:
I'd really crawl upon my hands and knees,
T' oblige—particularly lovely woman.

Yet ſome, (the Devil take ſuch virtuous times)
Faſtidious, pick a quarrel with my rhymes,
And beg I'd only deal in love-ſick ſonnet—
How eaſy to bid others ceaſe to feed!
On beauty I can quickly *die* indeed,
But, truſt me, can't *live long* upon it.

If

Digitized by Google

If there is not a deal of impudent *double entendre* in this Sonnet, I do not know what purity meaneth—ſweetly wrapped up indeed, 'Squire PINDAR!

Inſtead of a formal commentary on *every* compoſition, I ſhall make ſhort work with them, by giving them their true character in a few words, as for example:

Impudence, Egotiſm, and Conceit.

The expulſion of a moſt excellent ſet of Players from Kingſbridge in Devonſhire, with the aſylum offered them by the Author's Barn in an adjoining pariſh, is the foundation of the following Ode.

ODE TO MY BARN.

SWEET haunt of ſolitude and rats,
Mice, tuneful owls, and purring cats;
Who, whilſt we mortals ſleep, the gloom pervade,
And wiſh not for the ſun's all-ſeeing eye,
Your mouſing myſteries to ſpy;
Bleſt, like philoſophers, amidſt the ſhade;

When

Digitized by Google

When Perſecution, with an iron hand,
Dar'd drive the moral-menders from the land,
Call'd Players,—friendly to the wand'ring crew,
Thine eye with tears ſurvey'd the mighty wrong,
Thine open arms receiv'd the mournful throng—
Kings without ſhirts, and Queens with half a ſhoe.

Alas! what dangers gloom'd of late around—
Monarchs and Queens with halters nearly bound—
Duke, Dukeling, Princeſs, Prince, conſign'd to jail!
And, what the very ſoul of Pity ſhocks,
The poor old Lear was threat'ned with the ſtocks,
Cordelia with the cart's unfeeling tail.

Still cheriſh ſuch rare Royalty forlorn—
A Garrick in thy boſom may be born,
A Siddons too, of future fair renown:
For Love is not a ſqueamiſh God, they ſay;
As pleas'd to ſee his rites perform'd on hay,
As on the gooſe's ſoft and yielding down.

Digitized by Google

The ſame impudence, egotiſm, and conceit, as in the firſt Ode.

To my BARN.

BY Lacedæmon men attack'd,
When Thebes, in days of yore, was ſack'd,
And nought the fury of the troops could hinder;
What's true, yet marv'lous to rehearſe,
So well the common ſoldiers reliſh'd verſe,
They ſcorn'd to burn the dwelling-houſe of Pindar.

With awe did Alexander view
The houſe of my great Couſin too,
And, gazing on the building, thus he ſigh'd—
" General Parmenio, mark that houſe before ye!
" That lodging tells a melancholy ſtory:
" There Pindar liv'd (great Bard!) and there he died.

" The

Digitized by Google

" The King of Syracuſe, all nations know it,
" Was celebrated by this lofty Poet,
" And made immortal by his ſtrains:
" Ah! could I find like *him* a bard, to ſing me;
" Would any man, like *him* a Poet bring me;
" I'd give him a good penſion for his pains.

" But, ah! Parmenio, 'mongſt the ſons of men,
" This world will never ſee his like agen;
" The greateſt Bard that ever breath'd is dead!
" General Parmenio, what think *you?*"—
" Indeed 'tis true, my Liege, 'tis very true,"
Parmenio cry'd, and, ſighing, ſhook his head:

Then from his pocket took a knife ſo nice,
With which he chipp'd his cheeſe and onions,
And from a rafter cut a handſome ſlice,
To make rare toothpicks for the Macedonians;
Juſt like the toothpicks which we ſee
At Stratford made, from Shakeſpear's mulb'ry-tree.

What

Digitized by Google

What pity that the Squire and Knight
Knew not to prophecy as well as fight;
Then had they known the future men of metre;
Then had the General and the Monarch ſpied,
In Fate's fair book, our nation's equal pride,
That very Pindar's Couſin PETER!

Daughter of thatch, and ſtone, and mud,
When I, no longer fleſh and blood,
Shall join of lyric bards ſome half a dozen;
Meed of high worth, and, 'midſt th' Elyſian plains,
To Horace and Alcæus read my ſtrains,
Anacreon, Sappho, and my great old Couſin;

On *thee* ſhall riſing generations ſtare,
That come to Kingſbridge and to Dodbrook Fair:*
For ſuch thy hiſtory, and mine ſhall learn;
Like Alexander ſhall they ev'ry one
Heave the deep ſigh, and ſay, "Since PETER's gone,
"With rev'rence let us look upon his Barn."

* Held annually at thoſe places,

The

Digitized by Google

The following Ode of Mr. PINDAR's is what rhetoricians would call ironical. The leading feature ſeems to be impudence.

ODE TO AFFECTATION.

NYMPH of the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
And liſping tongue ſo ſoft, and head awry,
And flutt'ring heart, of leaves of aſpin made;
Who were thy parents, bluſhful Virgin? ſay—
Perchance DAME FOLLY gave thee to the day,
With GAFFER IGNORANCE's aid.

Say, Virgin, where doſt thou delight to dwell?
With Maids of Honour, ſtartful Virgin? tell—
For I have heard a deal of each fair MISS;
How wicked LORDS have whiſper'd wicked things
Beneath the noſes of good Queens and Kings,
And ſigh'd for pleaſures far beyond a kiſs!

Digitized by Google

Great is thy delicacy, dainty Maid;
At ſlighteſt things, thy cheek with crimſon glows.
Say, art thou not aſham'd, abaſh'd, afraid,
Whene'er thou ſtealeſt forth to *pluck* a roſe?
Or haſt thou loſt, O Nymph, thy pretty gall;
So never pluckeſt any roſe at all?

I'm told, thou keepeſt not a ſingle male;
Nothing but females, at thy board to cram;
That no he-lapdog near thee wags his tail,
Nor cat by vulgar people call'd a *ram*.

I've heard too, that if e'er, by dire miſhap,
Some raviſhers ſhould make thy fav'rites wh—s,
Staring as ſtricken by a thunder-clap,
Thy modeſty hath kick'd them out of doors.

'Tis ſaid, when wag-tails thou behold'ſt, and doves,
And ſparrow, buſy with their feather'd loves;
Lord! thou haſt trembled at their wicked tricks;

And,

Digitized by Google

And, ſnatching up thy bluſh-concealing fan,
As if it were a lady and a man,
Haſt only peep'd upon them through the ſticks.

And yet ſo variouſly thou'rt ſaid to act,
That I have heard it utter'd for a fact,

That often on old Thames's ſunny banks,
Where ſtriplings ſwim, with wanton pranks,
On bladders ſome outſtretch'd, and ſome on corks,
Thou ſquinting, moſt *indiff'rent* girl art ſeen,
In contemplation of each youthful ſkin,
Admiring God Almighty's handy-works.

Prim Nymph, thou art no fav'rite with the world:
I hear the direſt curſes on thee hurl'd!
Sorry am I, ſo ill thy manners ſuit:
'Tis ſaid, that if a mouſe appear to view,
We hear a formidable ſcreech enſue,
As if ſome huge devouring brute;

And

Digitized by Google

And if beneath thy petticoat he run,
Thou belloweſt as if thou wert undone,
And kickeſt at a cow-like rate, poor ſoul;
When, if thou wert to be a little quiet,
And not diſturb the nibbler by a riot,
The mouſe would go into his proper hole.

I've heard it ſworn to, Nymph, that in the ſtreets,
When running, dancing, capering at thy ſide,
Thy Chloe other dogs ſo brazen meets,
That, wriggling, aſk thy bitch to be their bride;
Quick haſt thou caught up Chloe in thy arms,
From violation to preſerve her charms;

And, bouncing wildly from the view
Of thoſe ſame ſaucy canine crew,
Haſt op'd ſo loud and tunefully thy throat,
(Seeming as thou hadſt learnt to ſcream by note)
Loud as the Sabine girls that tried to 'ſcape
The ſpeechleſs horrors of a Roman rape.

No

Digitized by Google

No novels readeſt thou, O Nymph, in ſight;
And yet again I'm told that ev'ry night,
In ſecret, thou art much inclin'd to doat
On rhymes that Rocheſter ſo warmly wrote.

Oft doſt thou wonder how thy ſex, ſo ſweet,
Can fellows, thoſe great two-legg'd monſters, meet,
And ſwoon not at each Caliban;
And wonder how thy ſex can fancy bliſſes
Contain'd within the black rough-bearded kiſſes
Of ſuch a bear-like thing as man.

'Tis alſo ſaid, that if a flea at night,
Pert rogue, hath dar'd thy luſcious lip to bite,
Or point his ſnout into thy ſnowy breaſt,
At once the houſe hath been alarm'd—the maids
Call'd idle, naſty, good-for-nothing jades;
Who, Eve-like, ruſhing to thy room undreſt,

Have thought ſome wicked raviſher ſo dread,
On Love's delicious viands to be fed,

Digitized by Google

Had ſeiz'd thee, to obtain forbidden joys;
Which had he done, a moſt audacious thief,
Of ev'ry maid it was the firm belief
Thou wouldſt not, Nymph, have made a greater noiſe.

And yet 'tis ſaid, again, O Nymph ſo bright,
Thou ſleep'ſt with John the coachman ev'ry night—
Vile tales! invented to deſtroy thy fame;
For wert thou, fearful Laſs, this inſtant married,
At night thy modeſt cheek would burn with ſhame,
Nor wouldſt thou *go*, but to the bed be *carried*:

There, when thy Strephon ruſh'd, in white array'd,
To claſp with kiſſes ſweet his white-ſtol'd Maid,
And riot in the luxury of charms;
Flat as a flounder, ſeeing, hearing gone—
Mute as a fiſh, and fairly turn'd to ſtone—
O Damſel! thou wouldſt die within his arms.

Digitized by Google

More impudence, with a lick at one of the Ten Commandments.

To FORTUNE.

AH! loit'ring Fortune, thou art come too late:
Ah! wherefore give me not thy ſmiles before;
When all my youthful paſſions in a roar,
Rare hunters, fearleſs leap'd each five-bar gate?

Unknown by thee, how often did I meet
The loveliеſt forms of nature in the ſtreet,
The fair, the black, and laſting brown!
And, whilſt their charms enraptur'd I ſurvey'd,
This pretty legend on their lips I read—
"Kiſſes, O gentle ſhepherd, for a crown."

How oft I look'd, and ſigh'd, and look'd agen,
Upon the charms of ev'ry Phillis!
How wiſh'd myſelf a cock, and her a hen,
To crop at once her roſes and her lilies!
Indeed not only without paying—
But for her liberty without once ſtaying.

"At

Digitized by Google

" At Otaheité," I have ſaid with tears,
" No gentleman a jail ſo horrid fears
" For taking liberties with laſſes:
" Soon as they heard how Love in England far'd,
" The glorious Otaheitans all were ſcar'd,
" And call'd us Engliſhmen a pack of aſſes.—

" But they, indeed, are heathens—have no ſouls
" But ſuch as muſt be fried on burning coals.
" But I'm a Chriſtian, and abhor a rape:
" Yet if a laſs would *ſell* her lean and fat,
" I'm not ſo great an enemy to *that*—
" Though *that* might whelp a little kind of ſcrape;
" Since 'tis believ'd that ſimple fornication
" May ſtep between a man and his ſalvation."

Damn'd Fortune! thus to make me groan!
To offer *now* thy ſhining pieces—
For *now* my paſſions all are flown,
Gone to my nephews and my nieces.

ODE

Digitized by Google

ODE to Madam SCHW—G and Co.

On their intended VOYAGE to GERMANY.

Written in the year 1789.

WE wiſh you a good voyage to that ſhore
Where all your friends are impudent and poor.
Oblige us, Madam—don't again come over—
To uſe a cant phraſe, we've been finely fobb'd,
Indeed have very dextrouſly been robb'd—
You've liv'd juſt eight and twenty years in clover.

Pray let us breathe a little—be ſo good—
We cannot ſpare ſuch quantities of blood:
At leaſt for ſome ten years, pray croſs the main;
Then, cruel, ſhould you think upon returning,
To put us Britons all in ſecond mourning,
We may ſupport phlebotomy again.

Digitized by Google

To you and your lean gang we owe th' Exciſe:
PITT cannot any other ſcheme deviſe,
To pay the nation's debt, and fill your purſes.
With great reſpect I here aſſure you, Ma'am,
Your name our common people loudly damn;
Genteeler folks attack with ſilent curſes.

Madam, can *you* ſpeak Latin?—No, not much—
I think you principally ſpew* High-Dutch:
But did you Latin underſtand, (God bleſs it)
I'd offer up the pithieſt, prettieſt line,
Unto your Avarice's ſacred ſhrine—
" *Creſcit amor nummi quantum ipſa pecunia creſcit.*"

The which tranſlation of this Latin line
Is this—' Alas! that maw profound of thine
' May like the ſtomach of a whale be reckon'd:

' Throw

* The Author thinks this expreſſion, though a dirty one, more deſcriptive than any other of the guttural German; and therefore chooſes not to ſacrifice truth to a little *bienſéance*.

Digitized by Google

' Throw into it the nation's treaſury,
' But for a minute it will pleaſure ye ;
' That gullet would be gaping for a ſecond.'

Madam, we wiſh you a long, long adieu—
Good riddance of the ſnuff and di'mond crew !
Your abſence, all, alone the State relieves ;
For, hungry Ladies, as I'm here alive,
A houſe can never hope to thrive,
That harboureth a neſt of Thieves.

An inſupportable APOLOGY for keeping MISTRESSES, and a LAUGH at that moſt reſpectable State MATRIMONY.

ODE.

THAT I have often been in love, deep love,
A hundred doleful ditties plainly prove.
By marriage never have I been disjointed ;

For

Digitized by Google

For matrimony deals prodigious blows:
And yet for this ſame ſtormy ſtate, God knows,
I've groan'd—and, thank my ſtars, been diſappointed.

With Love's dear paſſion will I never war:
Let ev'ry man for ever be in love,
E'en if he beats, in age, old *Par*:
'Tis for his chilly veins a good warm glove;
It bids the blood with briſker motion ſtart,
Thawing Time's icicles around his heart.

Wedlock's a ſaucy, ſad, familiar ſtate,
Where folks are very apt to ſcold and hate:
Love keeps a *modeſt* diſtance, is divine,
Obliging, and ſays ev'ry thing that's fine.

Love writes ſweet ſonnets, deals in tender matter;
Marriage, in epigram ſo keen, and ſatire.
Love ſeeketh always to oblige the fair;
Full of kind wiſhes, and exalted hope:
Marriage deſires to ſee her in the air,
Suſpended, at the bottom of a rope.

Love

Digitized by Google

Love wiſhes, in the vale or on the down,
To give his dear, dear idol a green gown:
Marriage, the brute, ſo ſnappiſh and ill bred,
Can kick his ſighing turtle out of bed;
Turns bluffly from the charms that taſte adores,
Then pulls his night-cap o'er his eyes, and ſnores.

Wedlock at firſt, indeed, is vaſtly pleaſant;
A very ſhowy bird, a fine cock-pheaſant:
By time, it changeth to a diff'rent fowl;
Sometimes a cuckow, oft'ner a horn-owl.

Wedlock's a lock, however large and thick,
Which ev'ry raſcal has a key to pick.

O Love! for heav'n's ſake, never leave my heart:
No! thou and I will never, never part—
Go, Wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,
Who hate variety, and ſigh for chains.

Digitized by Google

A bare-faced Apology for leaving a loving Wife.

To CHLOE.

An Apology for going into the Country.

CHLOE, we muſt not always be in heav'n,
For ever toying, ogling, kiſſing, billing;
The joys for which I thouſands would have giv'n,
Will preſently be ſcarcely worth a ſhilling.

Thy neck is fairer than the Alpine ſnows,
And, ſweetly ſwelling, beats the down of doves;
Thy cheek of health, a rival to the roſe;
Thy pouting lips, the throne of all the Loves!
Yet, though thus beautiful beyond expreſſion,
That beauty fadeth by too much poſſeſſion.

Economy in love is peace to nature,
Much like economy in worldly matter:
We ſhould be prudent, never live too faſt;
Profuſion will not, cannot always laſt.

Digitized by Google

Lovers are really ſpendthrifts—'tis a ſhame—
Nothing their thoughtleſs, wild career can tame,
Till pen'ry ſtares them in the face;
And when they find an empty purſe,
Grown calmer, wiſer, how the fault they curſe,
And, limping, look with ſuch a ſneaking grace!
Job's war-horſe fierce, his neck with thunder hung,
Sunk to a humble hack that carries dung.

Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant roſe—
Smell twenty times—and then, my dear, thy noſe
Will tell thee (not ſo much for ſcent athirſt)
The twentieth drank leſs flavour than the *firſt*.

Love, doubtleſs, is the ſweeteſt of all fellows;
Yet often ſhould the little God retire—
Abſence, dear Chloe, is a pair of bellows,
That keeps alive the ſacred fire.

In

Digitized by Google

In the ſame impudently ironical ſtyle.

ODE TO LAIS.

O NYMPH with all the luxury of ſkin,
Pea-bloom breath, and dimpled chin;
Roſe cheek, and eyes that beat the blackeſt ſloe;
With flaxen ringlets thy ſoft boſom ſhading,
So white, ſo plump, ſo luſciouſly-perſuading;
And lips that none but mouths of Cherubs know!

Oh, leering, lure me not to Charlotte-ſtreet,
That too, too fair, ſeducing form to meet;
Warm, unattir'd, and breathing rich delight;
Where thou wilt practiſe ev'ry roguiſh art,
To bid my ſpirits all unbridled ſtart,
Run off with me full tilt, and ſteal my ſight.
Then ſhall I trembling fall, for want of grace,
And die perhaps upon my face!

Ah!

Digitized by Google

Ah! ceaſe to turn, and leer, and ſmile,
My too imprudent ſenſes to beguile!
Ah! keep that leg ſo taper from me,
Ah! form'd to foil a Phidias's art;
So much unlike that leg in ev'ry part
By me abhorr'd—and chriſt'ned *gummy*.

In vain I turn around to run away:
Thine eyes, thoſe baſiliſks, command my ſtay;
Whilſt through its gauze thy ſnowy boſom peeping,
Seems to that rogue intrepreter, my eye,
To heave a ſoft, deſponding, tender ſigh—
Like goſſamer, my thoughts of goodneſs ſweeping.

Pity my dear religion's dread debility,
And hide thoſe orbs of ſweet inflammability!—
Abound, I ſay, abound in grace, my feet;
And do not follow her to Charlotte-ſtreet.

Digitized by Google

Alas! alas! you have no grace, I ſee,
But wiſh to carry off poor ſtruggling *me*;
Yes, the wild bed of beauty wiſh to ſeek!—
Yet, if you do—to make your two hearts ake,
A ſweet, a ſweet revenge I mean to take;
For, curſe me if you ſhall not ſtay a week.

But let me not thus pond'ring, gaping, ſtand—
But, lo, I am not at my own command:
Bed, boſom, kiſs, embraces, ſtorm my brains,
And, lawleſs tyrants, bind my will in chains.
O lovely Laſs! too pow'rful are thy charms,
And faſcination dwells within thy arms.

The Paſſions join the fierce invading hoſt;
And I and Virtue are o'erwhelm'd and loſt—
Paſſions that in a martingal ſhould move;
Wild horſes, looſen'd by the hands of Love.

I'm

Digitized by Google

I'm off—alas! unworthy to be ſeen—
The Bard, and VIRTUE a poor captive Queen!
O LAIS, ſhould our deeds to *ſins* amount,
Juſt Heav'n will place them all to *thy* account.

The following Stanza, on the Death of Lady MOUNT E——'s favourite Pig *Cupid*, is verily exceeded by nothing in the annals of impertinence.

A CONSOLATORY STANZA

To Lady MOUNT E——,

On the Death of her Pig CUPID.

O dry that tear, ſo round and big;
Nor waſte in ſighs your precious wind!
Death only takes a ſingle Pig—
Your Lord and Son are ſtill behind.

Digitized by Google

Superlatively impudent, and, I hope, untrue; ſent to me two days after my publication of my *Queen Elizabeth's Progreſſes*, one of which is now actually in His Majeſty's glorious Library at Buckingham-Houſe.

To Mr. *J. NICHOLS*,

ON HIS

HISTORY of the PROGRESSES of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

JOHN, though it aſks no ſubtilty of brain
To write QUEEN BESS's Progreſs through the land;
Excuſe the freedom, if I dare maintain
The theme too high for *thee* to take in hand.

On Vanity's damn'd rock what thouſands ſplit!
Thou ſhouldſt have labour'd on ſome humbler matter—
On ſomewhat on a level with thy wit—
For inſtance—when Her Majeſty made w——.

To

Digitized by Google

To ſhow that I can be candid, even to people of no candour, I ſhall conclude this Firſt Part with a few Songs that are not totally deſtitute of merit.

To DELIA.

WHILST poets pour their happieſt lays,
And call thee ev'ry thing divine;
Not quite ſo laviſh in thy praiſe,
To cenſure be the province mine.

Though born with talents to ſurpriſe,
Thou ſeldom doſt thoſe pow'rs diſplay:
Thus ſeem they trifling in thy eyes;
Thus heav'n's beſt gifts are thrown away.

Though rich in charms, thou know'ſt it not;
Such is thine ignorance profound:
And then ſuch cruelty thy lot,
Thy ſweeteſt ſmile inflicts a wound.

Digitized by Google

To FORTUNE.

YES, Fortune, I have ſought thee long,
Invok'd thee oft, in proſe and ſong;
Through half Old England woo'd thee:
Through ſeas of danger, Indian lands,
Through Afric's howling, burning ſands:
But, ah! in vain purſued thee!

Now, Fortune, thou wouldſt fain be kind;
And now I'll plainly ſpeak my mind—
I care not ſtraws about thee:
For Delia's hand alone I toil'd;
Unbrib'd by wealth, the Nymph has ſmil'd;
And bliſs is ours without thee.

Digitized by Google

To CHLOE.

CHLOE, a thouſand charms are thine,
That give my heart the conſtant ſigh!
Ah! wherefore let thy Poet pine,
Who canſt with eaſe his wants ſupply?

Oh haſte, thy charity diſplay;
With little I'll contented be:
The kiſſes which thou throw'ſt away
Upon thy dog, will do for *me*.

I cannot

Digitized by Google

I cannot, however, conclude this First Part of Mr. PETER's lucubrations without a ſevere reprehenſion of his want of loyalty, as well as want of reſpect, for that firſt of Courts ST. JAMES's; and, moreover, to prove that disloyalty and diſreſpect, I give the following Ode, which he, with all his impudence, dares not deny that he wrote. I ſuppoſe that it was written in the laſt reign, ſince it is impoſſible that it ſhould be in the preſent.

To a FRIEND in DISGRACE.

SO then, thy SOV'REIGN turns away his face!
Thank God, with all thy ſoul, for the diſgrace.

This inſtant down upon thy knee,
And idolize the man who makes thee free;
No more endeavour FOLLY's hand to kiſs:
At firſt I look'd with pity on thy ſtate;
But now I humbly thank the foot of Fate,
That kindly kicks thee into bliſs.

I've

Digitized by Google

I've been diſgrac'd too—felt a Monarch's frown,
And conſequently quitted town :—
But have my fields refus'd their ſmiles ſo ſweet ?
Say, have my birds grown ſulky, with the KING ?
My thruſhes, linnets, larks, refus'd to ſing ?
My winding brooks to prattle at my feet ?

No ! no ſuch matter !—Each unclouded day
On dove-like pinions gayly glides away :
In ſhort, all Nature ſeems diſpos'd to pleaſe—
Then prithee quit thy qualms ; look up and laugh ;
The rural pleaſures let us largely quaff,
And make our *congé* to the Gods of Eaſe.

By day, ſhall NATURE's ſimple voice
Our walks, and rides of health rejoice,
Far from an empty Court where Tumult howls ;
And ſhould at night, by chance, an hour
Be with *ennui* inclin'd to low'r,
We'll go and liſten to our Owls ;

Digitized by Google

Birds from whoſe throats 'tis ſaid that *wiſdom* ſprings—
How very diff'rent from the throats of Kings!

END OF THE FIRST PART.

N.B. *Part the Second will be publiſhed ſpeedily.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MP248
$7T

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google